

CYCLIST PLUNGES OVER A PRECIPICE.

Thomas Thompson Loses Control of His Wheel on the Steep Gorge Road.

Flying with Frightful Velocity, It Shoots off a Curve, Falling Fifty Feet

Fatal Accident at the Place on the Palisades Where Wheelman Gibson Rode to Death.

SCHWENKE KNOCKS DOWN TWO.

Pedalling on the Rear Seat of a Tandem, He Runs Into a Woman and Her Escort—Other Accidents.

By losing control of his bicycle while descending the gorge road in Weehawken, N. J. late yesterday afternoon, Thomas Thompson, thirty-six years old, of No. 68 Fulton avenue, Jersey City, was dashed down the side of the cliffs to the rocks, fifty feet below, and received injuries that will terminate fatally.

He left his home early in the morning to take a bicycle ride to Fort Lee; then, through Bergen County on the return trip, he chose the gorge road, which leads into Weehawken, which, although a dangerous route, is much followed by wheelmen. The road descends along the side of the Palisades, with, on some portions, a low stone wall as a guard to those descending it. About half way down the road there is a sharp curve.

It was at this point that George Gibson, a young dry goods merchant, of this city, while out bicycle riding with his wife three weeks ago, lost control of his wheel, was dashed from the rocks and received injuries from which he died a few hours afterward.

When Thompson started down the road he was warned by several wheelmen that he was riding too close to the edge. He had made about one-quarter of the descent when he started to head the warning by turning his wheel toward the center of the road.

The sudden swerve given the wheel caused Thompson to lose control of it, and in an instant the bicycle was flying down the road at railroad speed.

Vainly the rider endeavored to regain control of the machine, every effort he made to stop it seeming only to increase its speed. When the curve in the road was reached Thompson, realizing he would be dashed over the rocks, made a last despairing effort to stop his wheel. This failing, he endeavored to leap from the bicycle, but as he was about to do so the wheel swerved and dashed over the side of the cliff, carrying its unfortunate rider to the rocks below.

Several wheelmen, who hurried to his assistance, found Mr. Thompson crushed about the head and body and carried him to a nearby house. A physician who was summoned, found that his skull was fractured, his right arm broken and that he had also been badly injured internally. So much of his recovery was given, and at last, after a week's confinement, he was taken home, where he died last night that he was sinking fast.

Henry Schwenne rode yesterday on a tandem bicycle alone. He said in the rear seat, too far from his bell to ring it. So when he saw danger ahead, in Eighth avenue, near Fifty-third street, he shouted. His shout was not heard, and Henry Pickenbach and a woman who he escorted were thrown by his wheel.

They were not hurt, but Mr. Pickenbach is learned about bicycle riding and the city ordinances; he knew that Schwenne's speed had been from ten to twelve miles an hour, and he had noticed Schwenne's place on the tandem. On Mr. Schwenne's complaint Schwenne was fined \$5 and lectured by Police Officer Cramer of the Yorkville Police Court yesterday morning.

Abram Hess, thirty years old, of No. 188 Catherine street, Brooklyn, was riding on his bicycle on Flatbush avenue, near Fifth, yesterday afternoon when he was run down by a horse drawing a light wagon. The horse was broken into fragments and Hess's left leg was fractured in two places. He was removed to the St. George's Hospital, where he was attended by Dr. J. J. Rogers. Hess is a driver of a wagon, who lives at No. 57 Mott street, this city.

DISGRACE TO THE FORCE.

Magistrate Simms Reprimands Policeman Rosenberg and Lets Miss Crane, His Prisoner, Go Free.

"You are a disgrace to the force," were the words Magistrate Simms, presiding in Jefferson Market Police Court, used to Policeman Henry Rosenberg yesterday. The policeman had placed under arrest Miss Nellie Crane, of No. 135 West Fourteenth street, on a charge of riding a bicycle after dark without the lamp being lighted.

Miss Crane, who is a respectable girl, was out riding Saturday night with a number of friends. They all left the vicinity of Grant's Tomb, on the Riverside Drive, at 10 o'clock. In coming south on the drive they became separated, and she came on alone. She rode along Eighth avenue. She said yesterday that on passing under the elevated road at Fifty-third street she saw that her lamp was burning brightly. She also noticed it as far south as Fortieth street.

Three blocks farther the policeman accosted her and called her attention to the fact that her light had gone out. She dismounted and relighted the lamp. After she had done so the policeman said he "guessed he would put her under arrest," and took her to the West Thirty-seventh Street Police Station, from which she was transferred to the West Thirtieth Street Station in a patrol wagon.

She said that at the time the policeman stopped her she called his attention to the fact that the lamp was yet warm, which was conclusive evidence that it had but recently gone out.

"You should have used discretion in an instance of this kind," Magistrate Simms told the policeman. "There was evidence that the policeman was not violating the ordinance willfully."

The policeman made an impudent reply, to the effect that he was acquainted with his duties and would arrest every one he saw on a wheel without a light.

"You are a disgrace to the force," the Magistrate replied. "It is men like you who bring discredit upon the department, and are taking the places of good men."

He then discharged the defendant, Miss Crane. Dennis Haggerty, driver of a truck, was another prisoner. Frank J. Seavoy, of No. 125 Greenwich avenue, charged with disorderly conduct. Seavoy said he was out wheeling with his wife. In passing through Washington square she was in advance. Haggerty drove his truck close to Mrs.



Fair Bicyclist's Accuser Scored.

Magistrate Simms, in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, told Policeman Henry Rosenberg, who arrested Miss Nellie Crane for riding on Eighth avenue without a light, that he was a disgrace to the force. Miss Crane's attention had been called to the lamp by the policeman, and she had dismounted and relighted it, after which he had arrested her. She complained that the policeman had been needlessly harsh with her in dragging her through the streets and making her ride in a patrol wagon. The complaint against her was dismissed.

Seavoy made an insulting remark. He had run into a woman, jumping from his wheel, grasped the man's horse and called for an officer. Park Policeman Brennan placed the truckman under arrest.

"You are a brute, who should not be at liberty," Magistrate Simms said. "I will put you under \$500 bonds for your good behavior for six months. In default of a bondman the prisoner was sent to Blackwell's Island."

Joseph Sawyer was in court to press a charge against Patrick Lynch, a cart driver, who amused himself on Macdougall street Saturday evening by running down bicyclists. Mr. Sawyer testified that he saw Lynch deliberately run down to wheelmen ahead of him. He called an officer's attention to the man and then started on and when beside Lynch the latter turned his horse suddenly and he was thrown from his wheel. Lynch was arrested and taken to the Sixty-eighth Street Station.

Howard Heath, of No. 58 East Seventy-seventh street and Herbert Duetz, of No. 100 East Sixty-third street, were arrested yesterday for searching on the Boulevard at a tandem at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and Frank Northrup, of No. 158 East Fifty-seventh street, was arrested for searching all alone. The three men were taken to the Sixty-eighth Street Station.

Richard Dorfmeit, a butcher, at No. 342 East Forty-sixth street, with John Grubb, one of his employees, was driving in a light wagon on upper Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon. They turned to go around Mount Morris Park at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street. They cut in close to the corner. Miss Rose Rubenstein, twenty years old, of No. 130 East One Hundred and Ninth street, was riding eastward, preparatory to turning south into the avenue.

Dorfmeit came suddenly upon her. She turned into the curb and managed to leap off. They were not hurt, but Mr. Pickenbach is learned about bicycle riding and the city ordinances; he knew that Schwenne's speed had been from ten to twelve miles an hour, and he had noticed Schwenne's place on the tandem. On Mr. Schwenne's complaint Schwenne was fined \$5 and lectured by Police Officer Cramer of the Yorkville Police Court yesterday morning.

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TOWN TALES AND TATTLE.

If Colonel Cruger, Park Commissioner, is at his post of duty he will confer a favor on many good citizens by authorizing Superintendent Parsons to instruct his representative at Battery Park to order the instant removal of that ridiculous wretched from the bronze neck of Ericson's statue. It was absurd to hang this wretched on the neck of the statue.

He approved the use of the bicycle, "for many reasons," particularly toward evening, when the little flaxen-haired Hansel and Gretel, newly landed and awaiting the train that is to carry them to homes on the broad prairies of Minnesota and Dakota, swarmed out of the Battery immigrant lodging houses and expiring through the park. They chattered in the accents of Swabia or in the more sonorous phrases of the North Sea provinces, they disputed amiably and made up with embraces, and they joined hands and swung about in circles, singing funny little Dutch ditties, the heels of their shoes clattering on the concrete and bridled, blue-ribboned flaxen pigtails floating out behind.

Watching them vacantly in dejected silence from a neighboring bench was a burly peasant lass, red cheeked and blue-eyed. Her yellow hair was plaited fast to the back of her head, which was bare. Her dress was of that deep, rich purple beloved of German peasants, and over her shoulders she wore a saffron-colored fringed silk kerchief. It was plain that she was a thrifty stock; but why, then, so dejected? The question of a passing park policeman was enlightening.

"How are you today, Wilhelmina? Have you found August yet?" Wilhelmina shook her head and moved to the extreme end of the bench, with a look of annoyance at a familiar Battery figure, who nodded significantly and took a seat by her side. The policeman grinned.

"Who is the fellow?" "Dutch Jake. He is the runner for the lodging house where Wilhelmina is stopping." "Why can't Dutch Jake take a hint and let the girl alone?" "Wilhelmina has \$1,300." "Is she alone?" "Yes, her lover, August, a Dakota farmer, was to meet her here this morning. They were to be married this evening and start West tomorrow. But August seems to have got lost in the shuffle."

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"Can you understand his jargon?" "Yes; Jake is telling Wilhelmina how hard the women have to work up in Dakota, and how the cyclones blow people away every year by thousands. He wants her to marry him, and tells her they will soon be rich running a lodging house. This is Dutch Jake's regular game with good-looking immigrant girls who have money."

But Dutch Jake's ship had not yet come in. All at once Wilhelmina gave a shriek of delight, and the next instant she was in the arms of a colossal German, whose bronzed cheek she patted there in the broad daylight of Battery Park, murmuring ecstatically, "August! August!" "There's one preacher who will be \$5 richer inside of an hour and a half," said the policeman, as he grinned the third time.

To concentrate one's attention on a flat-footed German peasant woman, and then, turning, to meet face to face the prize beauty of Andalusia, is shocking—so the shock is not disagreeable.

She was taking a walk along the Battery front, and she walked as only an Andalusian senora of blue blood, entering the Moorish invader ever has or ever will walk. She was dressed superbly, and her almost dusky beauty was of the kind that can be felt.

The everlasting duenna was there, and also the inevitable male attendant. The latter was handsome and haughty, and his well-trimmed, grayish mustache accentuated an expression of condescension that betokened polite scorn of all things plebeian.

They passed to look out over the bay; I paused to look at the lady. When one dwells upon such loveliness he is dead to the world. So was I—until a harsh voice fell upon my ear: "Sir, are you staring at my fiancée?" The male attendant was twisting his mustache. The act did not become him.

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SCHUESSLER WINS ANOTHER RACE.

Bicycle Policeman Arrests a Reckless Driver After a Sharp Tilt.

Ran Alongside and Grabbed the Horse by the Bit, Throwing Him Off His Feet.

EXCITED CROWD IN THE WAKE.

McMahon Didn't Know He Had Thrown Down the Gauntlet to the Fastest and Gamest of the Bicycle Policemen.

Bicycle Policeman Schuessler, of the West Sixty-eighth Street Station, was pedalling slowly up Eighth avenue on his way to report for duty shortly before 6 o'clock last evening. He saw two men driving toward him each going at a reckless rate of speed. They were racing, and, as they passed him, at the corner of Eighteenth street and Eighth avenue, he called to them to halt.

Morris Winfield, of No. 181 Henry street, one of the drivers, slowed up somewhat, but the other, John McMahon, of No. 74 Christopher street, whipped his horse and urged it to a still faster pace. He did not know that the fastest rider on the force was after him.

Schuessler swung his bicycle around and an exciting chase began. Other drivers and bicycle riders hastily got out of the way. They then fell in behind and followed eagerly on. Seventeenth street was reached, and Schuessler had not gained. McMahon, seeing this, laughed at the policeman, but Schuessler was only beginning, and had not struck his gait. At Sixteenth street he had gained on the fugitive.

At Fifteenth street he was almost upon the man, and again sharply called to him to stop, only to have his command again disregarded. The driver urged his horse more furiously than before. At Fourteenth street Schuessler was alongside. "Stop!" he yelled. But McMahon only urged his horse the harder.

Schuessler leaped from his bicycle and sprang to the horse's head. He seized the bridle and gave a mighty jerk. He is a strong man, and his jerk pulled the horse off its feet. In falling McMahon struck the policeman down, but he threw himself clear of it and sprang to his feet unhurt. Then he placed McMahon under arrest, and marched him along with Winfield to the police station.

PREPARED TO BICYCLISTS.

Dr. Campbell Advocated the Use of the Wheel and Gave Reasons.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Campbell preached to the wheelmen in the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church last evening. If they had heard their words he would have been interested. The pastor's text was, Ecclesiastes, III, 1: "To everything there is a season and a time so every purpose under the heavens."

He began by saying that "as an industry the bicycle is one of the most remarkable developments of our time." He then reviewed its history since the first invention, giving statistics. He said, for example, that the value of the bicycles used in Greater New York was estimated at \$12,000,000 at least.

He approved the use of the bicycle, "for many reasons," particularly toward evening, when the little flaxen-haired Hansel and Gretel, newly landed and awaiting the train that is to carry them to homes on the broad prairies of Minnesota and Dakota, swarmed out of the Battery immigrant lodging houses and expiring through the park. They chattered in the accents of Swabia or in the more sonorous phrases of the North Sea provinces, they disputed amiably and made up with embraces, and they joined hands and swung about in circles, singing funny little Dutch ditties, the heels of their shoes clattering on the concrete and bridled, blue-ribboned flaxen pigtails floating out behind.

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SHOOTS A GIRL AND CRIES "DON'T FALL."

Travelling Pianist White Mad with Drink and Jealousy.

Fires Three Bullets Into His Sweetheart, Then Begg Her to Live and Kiss Him.

SMALLNESS OF PISTOL SAVES HER.

Would-be Murderer of Grace Travis, at Hill's Road House, Waverly, N. J., on Saturday Night, Is Still at Liberty.

The police are looking for Louis White, or Wirth, a travelling piano player, best known simply as the "Professor," who shot Grace Travis, of Hoboken, in Hill's road house, at Waverly, on Saturday night.

That the girl escaped with her life is due alone to the fact that the calibre of the revolver White used was so small that it could not do much harm. Three bullets struck the girl; one in her head, one in her left arm and another in her back near the left shoulder. It is known a fourth bullet went through White's hand.

The shooting took place on the second floor of the hotel. Jealousy was the cause. White brought the woman to the place a few days ago. Both were strangers to the other inmates. The girl is a brunette, with large black eyes, tall and well formed, and seemed out of place in the company in which she found herself.

After their arrival at the hotel White began drinking. Most of the time he was in saloons and concert halls in Newark while the girl was at the hotel alone.

Yesterday, when one of the employees of the place was starting uptown in a wagon to get supplies, the girl asked him to give her a ride. She took a seat in the wagon, and in a little while they returned. White got there before them, and became greatly enraged. He did not wait for her to return, but went to town and continued drinking. Before going back to the hotel he provided himself with the revolver.

Arriving at the hotel he went directly to the girl's room, and soon the other inmates of the place heard loud and angry talk. A moment later they were startled by a woman's scream and the report of a pistol. A series of screams and three more shots were heard in rapid succession. The other lodgers, who had run into the hall when the first scream was heard, now sought safety in their rooms and barred the doors.

Proprietor John Hill, who was in the barroom when the shooting began, started upstairs on a run, and, as he reached the landing, met the girl fleeing through the hallway. Blood was trickling from a wound under the left eye and she was deathly pale. Her would-be murderer was close behind her, but he had used all his ammunition.

Before Hill could reach the girl White threw his arms around her neck and said: "Don't fall, darling; kiss me just once." She turned away from him and ran into another room and slammed the door. White darted down the stairs and escaped before Hill could catch him.

A messenger was sent for Dr. Roth, who cared for the girl. He said the wounds were not likely to prove fatal, but as the girl was suffering from shock he concluded not to probe for the bullets. Meanwhile the girl will remain at the hotel, where she was resting quietly yesterday.

A foul breath is one of the greater afflictions that a man or woman can have. An affliction not only to themselves, but to those with whom they come in contact. A foul breath is a dreadful discourager of affection, and of the demonstration of affection. It would probably be more so if people only realized just what bad breath means. Bad breath is one of the symptoms of constipation. So one of the other symptoms are sores, stomach, loss of appetite, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, heartburn and distress after eating. These things mean indigestion. They lead to dyspepsia and worse things. They all start with constipation. So one of the other symptoms are sores, stomach, loss of appetite, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, heartburn and distress after eating. These things mean indigestion. They lead to dyspepsia and worse things. They all start with constipation.

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